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A R C H I M E D I A
THE SONG OF BLONDEL, *de Neale*
AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO

THE ROYAL PATRONS

AND

HONORARY DIRECTORS

OF THE

**MUSICAL SOLEMNITIES HELD IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY,
IN THE MONTH OF JUNE MDCCCLXXXV.**

A R G U M E N T.

RICHARD the First, King of England, on his return from the Holy-Land, is seized and imprisoned by LEOPOLD, Duke of Austria, in passing through that Prince's dominions. The place of his confinement being discovered by his faithful servant and minstrel BLONDEL, the latter repairs to AUGSBURG, where a meeting of the German Princes is then held, and, at an entertainment given by the Emperor, delivers the following Ode before that Assembly, with the hope of becoming instrumental to his Master's enlargement from his unjust captivity.



THE
SONG OF BLONDEL,

An ODE for MUSIC.

RECITATIVE.

PRINCES, and Peers, attend my strain!

Alas, that in this noble train,

Who lift the festive goblet high,

I seek my dearest Lord in vain,

With whom we braved the raging main,

And forced the Saracen to fly!—

No fabled Chiefs of ancient time

Shall grace your Minstrel's homely rhyme,

But Truth his well-known theme supply.

A

AIR.

AIR.

See from ISTRIA's inmost bay
 RICHARD's arm the Cross display!
 Warriors haste! the sign is given,
 " Conquest in the cause of Heaven ;"
 Haste to join the bold array!*

RECITATIVE.

By LEUCA's hallow'd point we glide,†
 And stem CALABRIA's gulphy tide;
 Till o'er SICILIA's eastern vale
 We mark the mountain-fires grow pale§
 Before the rising day.

AIR.

Nor less for happy Love,
 Than glorious arms renown'd,

* Richard embarked at Trieste, in the Gulph of Venice ; a consecrated banner was given by the Pope on the occasion.

† St. Mary of Leuca, the northern point of the Gulph of Taranto.

§ Mount Ætna.

Imperial Dames, in fair MESSINA's towers,*

With rival beauty strove

In nuptial garlands bound

To lead the Captain of the Christian Powers:

AIR.

Ambition *here*, and Policy, divide;

There soft Affection points the future bride;

Love smiles apart, and triumphs in the prize,

That ALICE yields to BERENGARIA's eyes.

RECITATIVE.

Impatient King! refrain;†

Nor till the wintry moons are past

* Alice, sister of Philip Augustus King of France, and Berengaria, Princess of Navarre; the latter of whom Richard married, and took with him on his expedition.

† After wintering at Messina, Richard's fleet was driven by a violent storm on the Island of Cyprus; in the favourite luxuries of which he is supposed to have too much indulged himself.

Attempt the faithless main——

On Afric shores, beneath a whirlwind's form,
The Fiend of MAHOUN agitates the storm.

Beneath the driving blast

Low bends the lofty mast,

All aid, but HEAVEN, is vain!

AIR and CHORUS.

Escap'd from the dangers that threat'ned the brave,
Where valour was useless, and force could not save,
Let Music, and Mirth, the short moments employ,
And the Spirit of Gratitude share in the Joy!

AIR.

Now the morning-mist dividing,
PAPHO's shelter'd groves arise;
Once the rites of VENUS hiding
Unprofan'd by curious eyes.

RECITATIVE

RECITATIVE accompanied.

But see! from yonder bowers of secret bliss,
 What blooming forms advance to sounds divine;
 Gently they bow, as when to ZEPHYR's kiss
 Untainted hyacinths their tops recline;
 Some half conceal'd, as only seen by chance,
 From myrtle thickets cast the alluring glance;
 With choral sports the circling hills resound;
 While more familiar those to RICHARD bending,
 Their rosy braids, and flower-soft hands extending,
 With gentle force the warrior-troop surround.

AIR.

" Think of fighting fields no more;
 Taste the joys that youth can give;
 What is Fame when Life is o'er?
 Stay with us to love and live."

AIR.

AIR.

' At morn along the mountain
To chafe the bounding prey;
At noon beside the fountain
In myrtle-shades to play;
But when, with eve returning,
The welcome Loves return,
All other pleasures spurning,
For those alone we burn.'

CHORUS.

" Think of fighting fields no more,
Taste the joys that youth can give;
What is Fame when Life is o'er?
Stay with us to love and live."

RECITATIVE.

'Twas night—in well-known arms completely steel'd,
At RICHARD'S side the shade of HENRY stood;

So

So look'd his lifeless corse, when horror chill'd*
 The Son's braye heart to mark the welling blood.
 In filent grief the Father waved his hand,
 And pointed stern to GOD's dishonour'd land.
 The startled Hero wakes to glory's charms—
 The word is given, the trumpet calls to arms.

AIR.

Hope of SALEM's injur'd laws!
 Curb of MECCA's Tyrant-sway!
 Bulwark of the CHRISTIAN cause!
 Set the lances in array!

RECITATIVE.

The wheeling ARAB's distant fling,
 The MOORISH shaft's envenom'd wing,
 In circling storms shall idly play;

* The dead body of Henry the Second is said to have burst out into bleeding,
 on his Son's appearance at the place of interment.

As vain yon moving towers divide
 The long-drawn battle's moony pride,
 The Lion-Warrior to dismay:
 Nor those, their trampled leaders, bear
 The lightning glance of RICHARD'S spear
 That thrills the SOLDAN'S inward line,
 Till fix'd on ASCALON'S high wall,
 The pride of nations to appal,
 The CHRISTIAN Banner shine.

AIR and CHORUS.

Maids of ACRA, lift the veil;
 Safely now your charms display!*
 Youths, the passing Victor hail!
 Priests, and Matrons, join the lay!
 Let sacred hills his name rebound;
 And EUROPE triumph in the sound!

* The exemplary chastity of the Virgins of Acra, (where Richard embarked on his return) celebrated by Historians of the time, when that virtue was so highly praised, and so rarely practised.—See *The History of the Crusades*.

RECITATIVE.

But YE, that listen to my strain,
Say now—what happy bowers retain

This terror of the PAYNIM host?
Alas—by CHRISTIAN hands betray'd,
He numbers in a dungeon's shade

The slow-paced hours to Glory lost!

AIR.

Even now his Barons gird the sword,
His Vassals claim their captive Lord
Sequester'd from his rightful throne;
The King, whose generous soul disdained
To keep the crowns his valour gained,*
Nor conquer'd for himself alone——

* Richard, among other acts of munificence, bestowed the Throne of Cyprus upon
Conrade, who was Competitor of Lufignan, for the titular crown of Jerusalem,

Then

Then suffer BLONDEL to complain
 That still throughout this noble train
 Who lift the festive goblet high,
 He seeks the gallant Prince in vain,
 That led them o'er the raging main,
 And forced the SARACEN to fly.

O D E

Occasioned by the death of Prince LEOPOLD, son of the Duke of Mecklenburgh-Swerin; drowned in the river ODER, during the late inundations, in endeavouring to rescue a family of children, whose mother intreated him to give orders for that purpose.

LET Praise the Victor's act record,
 And nations deify the sword
 With human sacrifice impure;
 To such, when fate has given the blow,
 The service of external woe
 Shall long-prescriptive right secure:

D

But ah! the tears, the sighs that part
 Spontaneous from the deep-charged heart
 The formal summons disobey;
 This envied meed from distant lands
 The name of LEOPOLD commands,
 And every friend of Man shall pay.

LAMENTED YOUTH! I never trod
 The banks where rapid ODER flow'd,
 Whose latest sons shall weep thy doom;
 Nor ever hail'd thy gracious form,
 Whose promised worth the unkindly storm
 Hath crush'd in manhood's opening bloom;
 Yet, all-confess'd to Fancy's eyes,
 Thy gentle spirit seems to rise
 With amaranthine splendour crown'd,
 And recent from their wat'ry grave
 The tender groupe thou died'st to save
 On snowy pinions hover round.

Tho'

Tho' now to better worlds resign'd,
Thy bright example left behind
Shall still to man extend thy care;
Disclose the surer paths of Fame;
And nobly point the social aim,
" To save, to pity, and to spare!"

T H E E N D.

[12]

Who now in better worlds reign,
Thy bright example left behind
Shall fill to man extend thy care
Didst thou for ever pass of Fame
And not for ever live in Love
To live, to live, and to be loved.

